

SEVEN MEN BEAT GIRL, LEAVING HER SENSELESS IN LOT

One Man of Group She Was
Seen With Is Held as
Crime Suspect.

CONDITION IS CRITICAL.

In Hospital, Anna Smith Re-
gains Consciousness Long
Enough to Tell Name.

A slender girl, not more than eighteen years old, who has very fair hair, blue eyes and the full red lips of a child, lies in the Lincoln Hospital to-day in a critical condition. She is Anna Smith, and, after being long unconscious, was of late able to say she lived with a family named Sherman at No. 488 East One Hundred and Forty-sixth street. A policeman found her groaning in a vacant lot at One Hundred and Fortieth street and Southern Boulevard, the Bronx, early to-day.

The marks of brutal beating are on her face and head, and fingers have left their imprint about her throat. It is the opinion of the physicians that she had been cruelly maltreated and this opinion is born out by the arrest of one of seven suspected men, who has refused to answer questions about the crime.

When the girl recovered consciousness in the hospital, after many hours, Assistant Superintendent E. A. Deane questioned her and learned the sparse facts she knew concerning the assault. She said that on her way to the Hartmann home she stopped at the lunch wagon to get a cup of coffee and that she saw seven men in the place. She did not speak to any of them, the girl declared. When she left the place she suddenly felt some one grasping her from behind and saw the fingers of several men reaching toward her. Then she received a crushing blow on the head and knew no more.

A detective of the Morrisania station was passing an all-night lunch wagon at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street and Southern Boulevard shortly after midnight this morning and was surprised to see the bright-haired girl in the place with the men. He met Policeman O'Keefe shortly afterward and told him it would be well to keep his eye on the lunch wagon and the girl who was there alone with men at that hour of night.

At 1 o'clock O'Keefe walked back to look inside the lunch wagon.

As he reached the wagon he heard groans from the darkness of the vacant lot at One Hundred and Forty-first street. He traced the sound until he stumbled across the unconscious form of the girl. Without waiting for an ambulance the policeman gathered the limp figure in his arms and carried it to the Alexander avenue station.

A detective then went back and arrested Walter Johnson, the man who was alone with the girl when the detective arrived. Upon information given by him the police picked up William Englert, a driver, whose home is at No. 48 Concord avenue, Johnson and Englert appeared in the Morrisania Court this morning before Magistrate Murphy.

After brief questioning the lunch wagon man was released, but Englert was held under \$2,000 bail on a charge of criminal assault for further examination Monday.

**SHOOTS WIFE AND HOLDS
PURSUING MOB AT BAY.**

Mrs. Pfeiffer Wounded While
Removing Belongings From
Home, She Was Leaving.

Lawrence Pfeiffer of No. 13 Linden avenue, Greenwich, shot and seriously wounded his wife, Mary, in their home to-day when the latter returned after six weeks absence to remove her belongings permanently. At the bullet, which had struck Mrs. Pfeiffer over the left eye, had not penetrated the skull and that she would recover.

The man who did the shooting is at large. Threatening a crowd of neighbors who tried to pursue, and holding them at bay with a revolver, he boarded a trolley en route for Brooklyn. A general alarm has been sent out for him.

Six weeks ago Mrs. Pfeiffer left her husband with her fifteen-year-old son, Joseph, by another marriage, and went to the home of her parents in Jersey City. When she returned to Greenwich, her husband ordered her from the house. Upon her refusal to go he drew a revolver and shot her.

**WAR ON INTERBOROUGH
SUBWAY PLAN REOPENED.**

Aldermanic President Mitchell Again
in Harness, Will Protest Of-
ficially as Citizen.

Chairman Willcox of the Public Service Commission returned to his desk to-day after a trip in the West and having informed himself of the attitude of the Board of Estimate, as expressed at the Mayor's conference yesterday, announced that the Commission would meet the Board of Estimate conference in the Public Service Commission's office at 10:30 A. M. Monday.

At this meeting, it was said, President Mitchell, who has returned greatly improved in health, will make a direct appeal for the rejection of the Interborough's offer. If this fails, it is said, Mr. Mitchell plans to again make personal appeals to the public for support at meetings in halls throughout the city. It is not thought that Mr. Mitchell will have the support of Comptroller Brundage, who is now known not to be entirely hostile to the Interborough's offer.

Very Latest Novelty in Tights; Miss Wickham Tells About 'Em

Grand Opera Singer Who Became a Light Opera
Success in a Night, Recounts Her Sensations
Dressed as a Boy for the First Time—And
"Robin Hood's" Contralto Is Not
From Brooklyn!



BY CHARLES DARTON.

"I've never been under such a
terrible strain!"

"The part?" I discreetly in-
quired.

"No, the tights," answered Miss
Florence Wickham, who fills the role
of Alan-a-Dale and the eye of every-
body who goes to see "Robin Hood"
at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

I found Miss Wickham very ap-
proachable. To begin with, she was
living in my own street, but better
still her sense of humor made me feel
thoroughly at home. Here was the
real surprise. Viewing grand opera
singers from a distance I had long ago
reached the conclusion that if they
possessed a sense of humor, they
wouldn't act as they do on the stage.
It would be impossible for them to
keep their faces straight.

Miss Wickham's face bore no traces
of grand opera. It is a rare pleasure
to meet an artist who is a human being,
even if you are in yellow shoes and
she is in a black gown as beautiful as
the rose that gives it the necessary
touch of color. The trifling matter of
a chair having been settled, I stam-
mered:

"This is your first season in—?"

"Tights," finished Miss Wickham,
smilingly. "Or perhaps you meant to
say light opera?"

I was more than willing to let the
conversation take its course, and, with
a woman's quick intuition, Miss Wick-
ham seemed to understand my awk-
ward silence.

**YES, IT'S HER FIRST APPEAR-
ANCE IN TIGHTS.**

"Yes," she said, pursuing the pleasant
subject "this is the first time I've
worn tights. The only other approach
to a boy's part I've ever played was
Ortrud one night at the Metropolitan.
You know 'Lohengrin'?"

"But I didn't know Ortrud was
ever—"

"Nor did I until that night," she
laughingly interrupted. "But on this
particular occasion Ortrud just missed
being a boy. This is how it happened:
As usual, I was wearing 'knickers,' but
my maid forgot the skirt that should
have come next, and as the mantle that
ordinarily covers a multitude of clothes
was slit up the side, you can imagine
the result. As I came on with the
pages holding up the hem of the robe
I happened to glance down and see my
brown 'knickers' appearing on the scene.
'Um Himmels! willen, lass! fallen!' I
gasped to the girls behind me, and thank
heaven! they did let it fall before the
audience could see the way I had dressed
the part. It was a lucky thing for me,
perhaps, that I spoke to the girls in
German."

Miss Wickham didn't mention the
language she used in speaking to her
maid afterward. She proceeded to tell
me how she felt in the more simple costume
of Alan-a-Dale.

"At first," she confessed, "it seemed
—very strange to me. I decided to
approach that last-act costume by
easy stages. You may have noticed
that in the first act I am the only one
who wears boots. I had to make a
special plea for those gray boots. Then,
in the second act there were brown
boots for all of us, so that wasn't so
bad. And in this way I prepared myself
for that white costume in the last act.
But I've not had an easy time of it by
any means. In fact, this is the most
difficult role I've ever had. After the
two performances on Wednesday I was
nearly dead."

I was thinking Reginald de Koven
would be pleased to know this; indeed,
I was.

**At Fountains & Elsewhere
Ask for
"HORLICK'S"**

The Original and Genuine
MALTED MILK

The Food-drink for All Ages.

At restaurants, hotels, and fountains.
Delicious, invigorating and sustaining.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Don't travel without it.

A quick lunch prepared in a minute.
Take no imitation. Just say "HORLICK'S."

Made in Any Milk Trade



"IN GRAND
OPERA
WE TAKE
BIG LONG
STRIDES AND WAVE
ONE ARM WILDLY
IN THE AIR"

"I'M HAVING
A SPECIAL
CHAIR
MADE
FOR
ME"

and we'll not like money to the end of
the world, Oh, no?"

**RECEIVES TWO OFFERS THAT
FAIRLY STAGGER HER.**

"And yet there may be money in
light opera?" I suggested.

"There must be," she agreed, "for I
received two offers this week that fairly
staggered me. The explanation is, I
suppose, that I'm a contralto and take
the part of a boy."

The fact is, Florence Wickham, with
her fine voice and equally fine figure, is
a "find," and Broadway managers
are evidently just beginning to make
this discovery.

"I've never seen a performance of
'Robin Hood.' But the first time I went
to a theatre I saw 'Robin Hood.' I thought,
'De Wolf Hopper was very funny, and the
women, especially the girl in the boy's
clothes, strangely beautiful. I didn't
suspect they were painted—I was only
a little girl—when I got back home
I looked at myself in the glass with
disgust and said, 'What an ugly thing
you are!' I never even dreamed in
those days of going on the stage, though
the time came, as it is done to nearly
every girl, when I felt I should like
to be an actress."

"At the Metropolitan acting is largely
a matter of form and originality is
not encouraged. In grand opera we take
big, long strides and wave one arm
wildly in the air when we wish to ex-
press emotion. By this beautifully sim-
ple method every emotion may be ex-
pressed. But on the light opera stage
you, at least, have the opportunity to
act in your own individual way, and I
hope now to be able to learn something
about acting."

"Before you went abroad to study you
were a church singer in Brooklyn?"

"Brooklyn!" shrieked Miss Wickham.
"I didn't come from Brooklyn. Church
singer—Brooklyn—where did you ever
get that idea? I did sing for six weeks
in a church in Allegheny."

"Then you're from Pennsylvania?"

"Yes—Bover. It's not at all like
Brooklyn. It's more like Pittsburgh. I
saw there, too."

"With success?"

"No, with difficulty."

MOCK BATTLE FOR RED CROSS

Teams of Nurses Led by Society
Women Take Part in Drill.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Dead and
dying littered the park around Wash-
ington's Monument this afternoon.
Carnage and bloodshed made a gay
spectacle like a battlefield. But it was
all "make believe"—the drill of teams
attending the International Red Cross
conference. Men playing dead and
wounded made a most realistic spec-
tacle. And the "dead and dying" en-
joyed it, as well as an immense audi-
ence, comprising the Diplomatic and
Congressional corps and all official
Washington.

Society women, headed by Miss
Marion Oliver, daughter of the Asst.
Sec. of War, and Miss Alice
Meyer, daughter of the Secretary of
the Navy, led rival teams of Red Cross
nurses.

Explosion of an artificial coal mine
was another spectacular feature of the
drill. A coal mine relief car was used,
with all first aid appliances for mining
disasters.

Other rescue drills were given by
navy and army hospital corps, firemen,
policemen and boy scouts.

Gen. McCookery Butt of the New York
National Guard, a distant relative of
Major Archibald Butt, President Taft's
secretary, who lost his life on the Titanic,
called for his annual trip to Europe on
the Philadelphia of the American Line
to-day. Gen. Butt recalled his own ex-
perience on the Ville de Havre, which
sank after a collision in 1872, when 233
lives were lost, and he was one of the
twenty-seven saved.

**Lots of Soft, Wavy, Fluffy
Hair and No More Dandruff.**

Get a 25-cent bottle of Dan-
derine and just try this—
stops falling hair at once

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy
hair is mute evidence of a neglected
scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.
There is nothing so destructive to
the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair
of its lustre, its strength and its very
life; eventually producing a feverish-
ness and itching of the scalp, which,
if not remedied, causes the hair roots
to shrink, loosen and die—then the
hair falls out fast.

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anytime—will surely save your hair.
Ten minutes after applying all the
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\$100,000 FOR LOVE OF WIFE ASKED BY SCIENCE HEALER

Charles Charters Brings Suit
Against Thomas L. L. Tem-
ple of Texas for Alienation.

SHE'S SEEKING DIVORCE

Lillian Young Charters, Reader
in Eddy Cult Church, Says
Husband Was Cruel.

TRIDENT, N. J., May 11.—Charles
Charters, Christian science healer,
whose family troubles have been in
the courts for the last few weeks, has
followed up his first victory, when his
wife was refused alimony pending her
divorce suit, by bringing suit for \$100,000
against Thomas L. L. Temple, a
millionaire Texan, for alleged alienation
of the affections of Charters's wife.
The new complaint, filed late
yesterday, did not become public until
to-day.

Charters and his wife, Lillian Young
Charters, are both Christian Science
healers. Mrs. Charters is second reader
of the Fifth Church of Christ
(Scientist). Charters's name has not
been in the Journal, the official organ
of the Church, since he was named
in a divorce suit brought by Col.
George Wilder of England.

Temple, the defendant in the alienation
suit, is a widower with two daughters
and a son. He and his family visited
the Charters, and in the complaint Char-
ters declares that Temple, at Pasadena,
Jenny City, Texarkana, Tex., and other
places succeeded in "changing the wife
toward the husband by various arti-
fices, conversation, influence, conver-
sations, gifts, manifestations of affec-
tion and other subtle and wicked de-
vices."

The Charters were married at San
Antonio, Tex., in 1904. They went to New
York in 1905 and later to Pasadena.
They remained there until January of last
year when, it is charged by Charters,
his wife deserted him. On the contrary,
Mrs. Charters says she was driven away
by cruelty and that therefore her hus-
band is guilty of desertion.

Charters maintains that four days
after last Christmas he and his wife
had a conversation during which he
told her that she was not the same
since she had returned from Texas. He
declared that her affection had changed
and thereupon, he continues, she de-
clared that she would never talk to him
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and softness, but what will please you
most will be after just a few weeks
use, when you will actually see a lot
of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing
all over the scalp.

NEWSIE, KNOWN AS "PHILANTHROPIST," ILL IN HOSPITAL

Thomas Verdon, Whose Kind-
ness Has Won Third Avenue,
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ELUSIVE BURGLAR PROVES TO BE A STUDENT OF CRIME

Sleuths Say They Found Loot
and Library of 1,000 Vol-
umes in His Home.

When Henry Neilling was assigned to
the Fifth Avenue Court at Brooklyn to-
day, Detectives Dietman, Hyland,
Dwyer and De Martin said they be-
lieved they had captured at last the
burglar who for months had been rob-
bing homes in Bay Ridge and New
Ulrich while the homeowners were out
shopping. Neilling, they said, had con-
fessed to some of the robberies and \$100
worth of jewelry had been recovered.

But Neilling was more interested in
the way he came to be found out than
in the charges against him. Neilling, who
is twenty-four, lived with his wife
and two-year-old son at No. 417 Stan-
hope street, Williamsburg. The detec-
tives found in his home a remarkable
library on crime, more than one thou-
sand volumes.

Complete sets of Gibbon's, the great
French detective story writer, and of
Oscar Repp's, the greatest of Sherlock
Holmes, with similar authors of less
note, were in his bookshelves. Neilling read
them, the detectives said he told them,
to learn the methods by which criminals
were traced.

Explaining his methods, the police said
he declared he always wore kid gloves
when he entered a house so that he
should leave no fingerprints on any ar-
ticles he touched. He usually got in, the
detectives averred, by using a skeleton
key, but sometimes by means of the
dumbwaiter or fire escape.

Down to last Saturday Neilling was a
driver for the Mohlin Oil Company, a
Standard Oil subsidiary, and worked a
route in Bay Ridge and New Utrecht.
His pay was \$25 and he gave up his job
Saturday, saying he had found a better
with a milk concern.

The detectives, after months of work,
had come to the conclusion the rob-
beries, of which there were more than
forty, had been committed by some one
who did business with the victims, and
by watching them he excluded all but
Neilling. They went to Neilling's home
last night and on the pretense of being
tenement house inspectors made a
search that revealed the \$700 worth of
stolen goods. When Neilling arrived
home he was arrested and taken to the
Fourth avenue police station.

**COMMODORE SAILS WITH
A CARGO OF 275 PEACHES**

They're From Wadleigh High
School and Bench Warmers Wake
Up When They Embark.